

## The Unexpected Can Lead To Happiness by Reddie\_Set\_Write

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**Summary:**

The universe just loves to flip Will Byers' life upside down doesn't it? Will has come to accept that. He's learned to accept whatever is thrown his way and to expect the unexpected, but sometimes you don't even see a curve ball coming towards you until it hits you. Will has to deal with several abnormalities, but he never thought that being able to read minds, control shadows, and many other things would be apart of that. Then again, Will also didn't think he'd ever tell Mike how he truly feels. Like mentioned before, the universe loves to flip Will's world upside down.

# The Unexpected Can Lead To Happiness

## Author's Note:

okay so this is my first ever Byeler fic and I'm really excited about it. I follow a lot of amazing accounts on tumblr that really inspire me and make me want to write Byeler so this is the outcome of that. Also, I went looking for Will Byers power fics and I couldn't really find any so I've decided to write one myself. oops. I hope you enjoy.

Will knew that he would never be the way he was before, but he didn't think he would be this different. Sure, he expected the nightmares and night terrors, the fear and feeling of being watched, the constant check-ups and new drugs, but this? No. He didn't expect this. He didn't expect his emotions to be so raw, so strong, so untamable. He didn't expect to break the doctor's equipment during a cardiac test. He didn't expect to hear what his mom was thinking over dinner that night, or to make Jonathan's shadow twitch, even though his brother didn't move. He didn't expect the visions, or the sudden shivers he would get after them, after everything he did that was abnormal, unexpected.

At first Will was terrified of himself. What if he hurt someone? What if he hurt his mom, Hopper, or even Mike? He'd never forgive himself; he'd never allow himself to be forgiven. He hated to look at himself, to look at what he'd become, even though he looked relatively the same. Over the years he had grown, gotten a new hairstyle, wore different clothes, and his voice had dropped, but he could see another change. His eyes were darker, as well as his hair colour. It wasn't dark enough for anyone else to notice, but he did and it scared him.

The first one to notice that he was pushing himself away and the first to know of his powers was Eleven, known as Jane Hopper to the public but as El to those who had gone through everything. Hopper and Joyce started dating when Will started grade 9, right before Will's life once again got spun upside down; because of this relationship, Will and El saw a lot of each other, not that either of

them complained; they enjoyed each other's company and had a deep connection to each other, one that could even rival El and Mike's.

"Why don't you come to the arcade anymore?" El had asked one evening when she and Will were washing the dishes.

"What do you mean? I went yesterday."

"But that was the first time you've gone in about 2 months."

Will sighed as he handed a plate to El for her to dry.

"I guess I'm just busy."

"With what?"

"Stuff."

"What stuff?"

Will closed his eyes for a moment, trying to remain calm. He knew El didn't mean to be nosy, and that she was just curious or even worried, but Will didn't want to talk about it, not now, not ever.

"I guess I've just been trying to figure myself out you know? We just entered grade 11 and we start grade 12 next year. I have no idea what I want-

"Friends don't lie."

The statement was simple, but it had power behind it. According to Mike's old philosophy, Will wasn't being a very good friend to anyone. He was lying, keeping secrets, avoiding them, but he wasn't doing it to be mean, he was doing it to protect them... to protect them from him. Will felt his hands twitch and felt a dark shadow engulf El and himself. They were surrounded by darkness for only a moment, then Will breathed out deeply, forcing the shadow to retreat to under the fridge, where it was originally from. Will's body shook, but just like the darkness, it was only for a moment.

El's eyes were wide when Will looked at her. Her eyes were filled with a curious combination of fear and awe.

“That” Will began, “is why I don’t go to the arcade anymore.”

After that incident Will told El everything that he could do: read minds, control shadows, cause things to randomly combust when he was upset, and see into the Upside Down. El was convinced it was because the gate wasn’t completely closed, that Will was an opening, because how else could he see into the upside down? El promised to help Will control this powers, and in return Will promised to stop pushing himself away and to tell people about his abilities... but he didn’t say who he would tell.

About a week after he made that promise to El he told his mom and Jonathan about the things he could do. Jonathan had told him he was like a really badass superhero, while Joyce was more cautious, asking if using his powers hurt him. He told her the truth, that it didn’t, but he also told her that it did leave a lasting effect; that he would shiver afterwards and feel extremely cold, only if it was for just a moment. Joyce appeared to be horrified, and at first Will thought that fear was directed towards him, but he seeped into his mom’s thoughts and quickly learned that she was only scared for him and not of him. A few days later he told Hopper, though how Hopper learned was a complete accident on Will’s behalf. He was helping Hopper put a table together for a potluck that was taking place at the police station when he slammed the hammer he was using down onto his thumb. Instead of shouting out obscenities like he usually would have, a nearby coffee machine exploded. Jim’s eyes darted from Will, to the remaining pieces of the coffeemaker, back to Will. Will laughed nervously and only said ‘oops.’

Will’s intentions were simple; he would learn how to control his abilities with the help of El and never tell any of their friends. His reason was also simple, which was to keep everyone’s lives as normal as possible. It was weird enough that one of their friends had powers, it would be even more weird if two of them did, though Will knew he wasn’t the exact definition of a normal friend. Though his friends never brought up the events of 83 and 84, he always suspected that they still thought about them whenever Will would cough or feel sick, and now he knew it for a fact. He never wanted his friends to know anything about this side of him, but the universe never really allowed Will Byers to have control over his own fate did it?

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Will sat quietly, listening to what the teacher was saying at the front of the class. Science had once been intriguing to Will, much like how it intrigued Dustin and the others, but after the events that unfolded, due to the now abandoned lad, science had lost that special spark that once captivated Will's mind. His hand began to absentmindedly move around his page, pencil in hand. Though his eyes were glued to the problem on the board, his thoughts were on his most recent art project, his hand drawing bits and pieces without being commanded to. His thoughts surrounded art a lot lately, and Will had officially decided to apply to as many art schools as he could once he got to grade 12. When he had told his mom this she was excited, saying that they would have two artists in the family, since Jonathan was at school for photography.

"Mr. Byers, do you know the answer?"

Will was pulled from his thoughts by the booming voice of the Chemistry teacher. The class was so silent you could hear a pin drop if it was dropped at the end of the hallway. The teacher's eyes were staring directly into Will's, which made him feel uneasy. He glanced at Dustin and, though he felt guilty, opened the door to his mind. El, though not being able to read minds herself, had taught him to invision himself like he was walking into someone's house or shutting the door of his own home. This way of going about it made it much easier for Will to control when he read minds and which minds he would read.

\*come on dude... say 16 moles. Pleeeeeease. Don't get yelled at again...

Will smiled and glanced at the teacher.

"16 moles."

The teacher seemed disappointed but smiled anyway.

"Very good Mr. Byers."

Will looked at Dustin, who was smiling a toothy grin and shooting

him a thumbs up. Will smiled and nodded. The rest of the class went off without a hitch, the teacher not even glancing at Will when he asked if anyone knew the answer to his questions. When the bell rang, signalling that second period was over, Dustin and Will walked out of class together.

“Man” Dustin began, “Summer can’t come soon enough!”

Will nodded as they walked to his locker.

“Dude it sucks that you don’t have lunch with us. You leave me alone with the fucking sappy ass couple and the ex sappy ass couple.”

Will laughed loudly, causing people to look in their direction.

“It’s not my fault” Will said as he stopped at his locker, “This was the only section for art this semester and-”

“Yeah yeah I know. I just miss eating with someone who isn’t actively eating each other’s faces or actively avoiding eye contact while eating!”

Will threw his chem books into his locker and grabbed his art binder and sketch book.

“It’s that awkward huh?”

“Yes! Mike won’t even look in the direct of El anymore... I wonder what they said to each other...”

“Yeah, me too.”

Will was lying, and once again he felt a tad bit guilty, but he promised El that he wouldn’t tell anyone what Mike had said to her, for she thinks she wasn’t supposed to tell him or anyone else. Mike had come out to El as bisexual, meaning that he liked both boys and girls. This alone could have set Will’s heart on fire, but what Mike told her afterwards made his heart jump for joy and also break all at once. He told her that he likes someone else, a guy, and though Will would have loved to believe that it was him, he knew better. Mike deserved better than a zombie boy with abnormal powers.

When the two boys got to Dustin's locker they went their separate ways, Dustin to the caf and Will to the art room. Though Will was still extremely shy, the kids in his art class were extremely kind and accepting. He felt like he could be himself around them, much like he could be with the party. In fact, they were the only kids he was out to, though it helped that the majority of them were also gay. They had made a promise at the beginning of the year to one another to not out others and not judge each other, since art is very intimate and they all wanted to be able to completely express themselves and not hold back. Will thought it was weird that there was such a supportive group within Hawkins, outside of his family; Will was sure his friends would accept him, but he still hesitated on sharing this part of him with them, for he believed that it would just add onto the abnormal things about him, though he was positive that boys liking boys and girls liking girls wasn't so abnormal as the adults wanted them to believe.

Will walked into the classroom just as the bell rang. A few of his art friends smiled at him and waved him over to their table, so he shyly walked over. The art teacher, Mrs. Keats, told them that they were continuing their final projects. The final art project seemed simple to Will, though art and expression came naturally to him, even as a young kid. They had to pick an emotion or feeling and draw it in the face of someone important like a family member or friend. Will instinctively picked Mike as his important person, and many of his art friends averted their eyes, though they also picked their secret crushes; all of them used the excuse that they were just their best friends, and for Will it wasn't a lie. Mike really was Will's best friend, though he wished they could be more than that. Will had picked the feeling of joy because he simply liked seeing Mike smile and be excited; he wanted to draw that.

Will got up from his seat and walked over to where his canvas was placed, which was in the corner of the room on an easel. He had finished sketching the outline of Mike's portrait yesterday and had decided last night on what colours he was going to use. He had decided on doing warm colours like reds, oranges, and yellows, because that's how Mike makes him feel, warm. He set his binder, pencil case, and sketch book down on his stool and walked over to the paints, grabbing three different types of brushes and a palette on

his way. He chose the colours that he wanted and placed them in different sections of the palette, giving himself lots of space to mix the colours if he wanted to. He walked back over to his easel and looking at his drawing for a moment before he started. He started with Mike's curly locks, using a light shade of red first, then adding a couple of strokes of bright orange. As he painted he suddenly began to feel cold.

It started at his fingertips. It was a tingling sensation, like how your ears feel when the air is cold enough to see your breath. It then grew to his elbows, and then his shoulders. Will began to feel self conscious, like thousands of eyes were watching him. He put the paint brush that he was using down, yellow paint dripping onto the floor. Will felt frozen, and the slight 'tap tap' that came everytime the yellow paint hit the tile floor only made it feel worse, like he was slipping away.

It took everything Will had to make his legs move and for his mouth to speak. He told Mrs. Keats that he needed to go to the washroom, which she allowed him to do with a smile. Will didn't smile back. He focused on moving his legs, one in front of the other. He decided to go to the bathroom in the history hallway, since nobody ever used it. The walk from the art room to the bathroom felt like it took centuries, but when he made it he felt relieved. Will grabbed onto the closest sink and stared into the mirror that hung above it. He watched as his eyes slowly became a milky white, until he could no longer see his surrounding. He took a deep breath and allowed the vision to play before him.

It was dark and cold. Several grey particles flew past Will's eyes as he breathed; he could see his breath. He wasn't in the bathroom, in fact, he didn't know where he was. He was standing in a field of some kind, though no plants were growing. The ground was covered in a black dirt-like substance and the air felt thick, though Will's lungs didn't wheeze like they used to. His body was used to this by now, even if his mind wasn't. He took a step forward, taking in the rest of his surrounding. Beyond the field there were trees, no leaves grew on their branches and they seemed to be burnt, Will couldn't be sure though. As he walked the ground felt uneven and soft. He swore he could feel things moving underneath his feet as he moved.



Thunder suddenly roared above Will and the sky lit up, revealing why Will had been brought here. The oh so familiar silhouette of an enormous being lingered high in the sky, and Will felt his heart plummet into his stomach. He watched in horror as one of the being's tentacle-like appendages reached towards him. His heart was thumping loudly in his ears and he felt his body begin to shake violently. He heard his name being called. The voice was desperate and sounded deeply upset. This wasn't part of this vision. This was-

"Will! Will please!"

Will's vision melted away and he was face to face with Mike Wheeler, who was shaking him violently back and forth. Will took hold of Mike's forearms, squeezing them tightly. At the sudden contact Mike stopped shaking Will, his eyes locking onto Will's.

"Will! Are you okay?"

Will let go of Mike as Mike's grip on his shoulders loosened.

"Yeah. Yeah I'm okay."

Will wasn't out of breath, but he did feel like his lungs were going to explode. He didn't even notice Lucas or Dustin until Lucas patted his back. The sudden tap made Will jump slightly, causing Dustin to smirk.

"Jesus fucking Christ William. You had us worried for a hot minute."

"Yeah man. El said we need to go find you, that something was up. We didn't expect to find you like this. All milky eyed and cold."

"Were you having a seizure?"

Will shook his head. Oh great, how was he going to explain this one away. After a few moments of trying to think up an excuse or an explanation, Will knew he couldn't, he knew that his entire facade was up. The cats out of the bag, as Steve would say.

"No, I uh... I get like, visions."

Lucas raised an eyebrow.

“Visions? What the hell does that mean?”

“Like... I see things that are happening.”

“See where?” Dustin asked.

Will paused. He guessed that Mike could see how uncomfortable he was because he walked closer. Mike wrapped an arm around Will's smaller frame and squeezed him tightly, for which Will was very grateful for.

“I see things happening in the, uh, in the Upside Down.”

The boys fell silent. Will noticed that his friends didn't look scared like he thought they would, they looked more confused than anything else.

“How the hell can you see that shit?”

Will turned to Dustin and shrugged.

“I don't know I just can... El and I think that it's because I was, you know, possessed.”

The atmosphere had a sudden change. It felt heavy and sticky. Will sighed and shrugged off Mike's arm.

“You told El but not us?”

Lucas sounded slightly offended, and Will cringed internally.

“I didn't mean to tell her. I didn't want anyone to know anything but... something happened and she was there and-”

“What? Did she see you having a vision?”

“No she uh, saw something else.”

“You can do other shit too?”

Will slowly nodded.

“Like what?”

“Well...”

Will cracked his neck and his fingers twitched. The shadows from the sinks and stalls crawled up the walls, the bathroom becoming completely swallowed by darkness. Will saw his friends’ facial expressions change from curious to terrified, so he made his hand into a fist and quickly opened it; the shadows falling back down to the ground and retreating back to where they belonged.

\*holy shit... how the hell can he do that.

“I don’t know how I can do it, I think it has to do with the dark atmosphere that looms in the Upside Down...”

Dustin turned his head towards Will so fast Will was sure he’d snap his neck.

“You heard that?”

Will nodded.

“Yeah I can uh, read minds too. El suspects I get that from the... you know.”

Dustin seemed slightly uncomfortable, until he smiled and laughed, causing a shocked expression to spread across both Lucas and Mike’s faces.

“Is that how you knew the answer in chem?”

Will smirked mischievously, causing Dustin to laugh again.

“Holy shit! You fucking cheater!”

“Dustin focus!” Lucas said as he elbowed Dustin’s side.

“Is there anything else you can do?” Dustin asked excitedly.

“I don’t really know how to control it yet, but I can blow stuff up... I blew up Hopper’s coffee machine a few months back.”

“Wicked!”

"I suggest you don't do that here" Lucas said, glaring at Dustin.

Will forced a laugh and said he didn't plan on it, making Lucas smile. They all exited the bathroom and Mike insisted on walking Will back to class, even though Will told him that he didn't need to.

"You sure you're okay Will?"

The concern in Mike's voice made Will's heart skip a beat.

"Yeah I'm okay Mike. Don't worry about me."

Mike scratched the back of his neck and chuckled.

"It's hard not to" Mike paused for a moment before his facial expression changed into a more serious one. His tone of voice was more serious too.

"No more secrets okay? If something is up I want to know."

Will nodded.

"Same with you."

Mike became flustered.

"W-What do you mean?"

Will smiled sweetly and hugged Mike tightly.

"Oh nothing."

Will smiled and pushed away gently, he waved a goodbye and walked back into his classroom. He went back to his canvas and continued to paint, newly found inspiration flowing through his veins, however, he couldn't shake the vision he had seen. What did it mean?

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Dustin drove quietly, his hands shaking as he turned the steering wheel. Usually Lucas and Max would be making fun of him for being so quiet and scared, but as they held each other tightly in the back

seat, they were to focused on keeping each other from crying and felt the same way that Dustin did. El sat in the passenger seat, giving Dustin directions as his car roared down the street. Her voice was cold and stern, but Will could sense an underlying fear in her unshaken voice. Mike was fidgeting as he sat next to Will, his leg was bouncing up and down and he was picking at the skin around his nails. Without thinking Will grabbed onto one of Mike's hands to make him stop. Mike didn't pull his hand away, instead he squeezed Will's hand tightly; It made Will want to laugh that Mike was scared to let go, but then again, who wouldn't be scared at a time like this. The world was going to end in about 12 minutes if El and Hopper's idea didn't work.

"Shit shit shit shit shit."

Lightning struck directly in front of Dustin's car, cutting off his line of profanities. He swerved to the left, almost taking out a mailbox, but that was the least of their concerns right now.

"Are you guys almost there? Over."

Joyce's voice rang through Will's walkie-talkie. She sounded nervous, like she had been crying, but no one commented on it.

"Yeah mom. We're almost there. Over."

Joyce never replied.

"This is nuts" Max muttered as she nuzzled her head into the crook of Lucas' neck, "Absolutely nuts."

"It'll work" Lucas said confidently as he ran his hand through Max's long orange locks, "It has to."

Mike squeezed Will's hand harder, so Will returned the squeeze.

"It'll work" Will repeated.

"HERE! DUSTIN PULL OFF HERE! LEFT!"

Dustin turned a hard left, causing everyone in the car to lean; Max held on tightly to Lucas' sweater so she wouldn't slam into Mike.

Dustin parked his car and turned it off. Everyone flung themselves out of the car and were taken back by the sight that was in front of them.

The sky appeared to have a black and red tear in it, the clouds surrounding it were grey, and thunder boomed loudly from within the crack. Those grey particles that everyone knew about were flying out of the tear, and Will could hear a low rumble coming from the other side.

“It’s coming” Will said, his cold voice not sounding like his own.

“I know” El whispered as she began to walk away from the group.

Will unhooked his walkie-talkie and held the talk button.

“El is walking towards the tear. Tell us when. Over.”

The only answer he received was silence, but he knew that his mom had heard him.

“Would if she’s not strong enough to hold it?” Max whispered.

“She is” Mike answered, though he didn’t sound so sure.

As Mike spoke a thick black mist began to emerge from the tear in the sky. The blood red colour that accompanied the black began to turn dark purple and took over the grey clouds, signalling that this was the beginning of the end. Will and Mike both reached for each other instinctively, thoughts racing around in their heads.

“NOW! TELL HER NOW!” Joyce’s voice yelled.

“NOW EL! NOOOOW!” Dustin yelled.

El raised both of her hands. The party watched in utter horror as the black mist continued to pour out of the tear. A high pitched inhuman screech echoed in everyone’s ears. Hopper, Joyce, and Steve must have started to burn the black vines. The mist that El was fighting started to curl in on itself, causing Lucas to yell out in excitement, but that excitement was soon drained when a second appendage broke free from the crack. The sky lit up with purple lightning and

the sky was now completely black.

“Shit shit shit shit shit!”

Everyone was frozen. El’s screams could be heard from at least a mile away. She sounded angry, but also completely terrified.

“She’s not going to be able to hold both of them” Mike whispered, sounding completely lost.

Will squeezed Mike’s hand and turned to him.

“Mike.”

Mike looked at Will, tears were building up in his eyes.

“Do you remember a few months ago you told me that we can’t keep secrets from each other anymore?”

Mike nodded.

“Well, I have a secret that you need to know before anything else happens.”

“Will-”

“I’ve been keeping this a secret since 8th grade Mike.”

“Will please-”

“And I was always going to keep it, but the fear of your reaction doesn’t scare me as much as the thought of us dying and you never knowing.”

“Please-”

“I love you Mike.”

The words were out, and they seemed to disappear into the hot summer air as Will spoke them. He quickly handed Mike his walkie-talkie and let go of Mike’s hand. He didn’t even give Mike a chance to speak before he began to run off towards El. He could hear his friends screaming behind him in horror. He heard Mike screaming and

crying for him to come back, but Will kept running towards El like his life depended on it, and at this point it really did. He reached her side and looked up at the Mind Flayer, it's mist quickly flowing through the black tear. El was floating and her screams were ear shattering, but Will drowned out all of the outside sound, focusing on the energy he could feel floating around him. Will had never done this before, hell he didn't even know if he could, but he'd be damned if he didn't try something. He closed his eyes and breathed in and out slowly. He heard the Mind Flayer calling out to him, but Will just smiled and raised his hands.

"Not this time."

Will felt the scar on the side of his stomach begin to burn, as well as the palms of his hands. He didn't dare open his eyes as he felt a hard push and pull course through his body, like he had been struck by lightning. He knew he was doing something, but he was too scared to open his eyes and see what. He still heard El screaming beside him so he knew that they were still alive, but he didn't know how close to death they truly were, and quite frankly Will didn't want to know. The atmosphere was cold around them, but Will could feel it cracking, like a lake that is only partially frozen. He suddenly heard a loud bang and everything happened all at once. The cold atmosphere was completely shattered, and Will forced his eyes to open. He saw the white mist coming from El's hands; he saw the grey mist coming from his. He saw the black mist being sucked back into the tear. He saw the grey particles fly back up into the sky, swirling violently like a tornado. He saw the dark purple revert back to red. He saw the black and red sky be sucked back up into the crack. He saw the tear being sewed up with an iron thread, never to be broken again.

El fell to the ground next to him with a thud, and Will soon joined her, his legs giving out almost immediately. Will's heart was beating too fast and so loud he guessed that El could hear it. Both of them were breathing heavily, but both of them were smiling.

"Fuck yeah!" Will heard Dustin yell.

El reached out to Will, her hand was shaky. He met her half way, locking their fingers together. El smiled and mouthed a thank you, to tried to use her voice. Will closed his eyes and breathed deeply



through his nose. He didn't feel cold or numb, but he felt extremely tired and weak, he wasn't sure how he had moved his hand to meet El's. Will heard the field's dead plants rustling, he guessed that his friends were coming to get El and himself.

"El! Will!"

Max was the first to reach them. She was crying and hiccuping but that didn't stop her from pulling El onto her lap and grabbing Will's shoulder tightly. Lucas was next. He sat Will up and gave him the tightest hug that Will had ever received from him. Lucas was crying as well, though it was much more controlled when compared to Max.

"Damn dude don't do that again or I'll kill you myself!"

Will leaned his head against Lucas' and muttered a sorry, but Lucas only squeezed tighter. Dustin was a blubbering mess, but was continuously wiping away his tears, trying to act like he wasn't. He threw himself at Will and El and gave them his best bear hug, saying how fucking awesome they were. Dustin and Lucas helped Will and El stand up, their legs were shaky but no longer weak.

Then there was Mike. He was standing a few feet away but Will could see his hands were shaking. His eyes were red as well as his cheeks. He gave El a tight squeeze and then looked at Will. Will opened his mouth to speak but was cut off.

"Don't you ever leave my side again!"

Mike was angry, or at least he sounded like it. His eyes looked like burning embers and his glare would have been intimidating if Will couldn't see right through it. Mike was putting on an act, a hard exterior, but when Will opened his arms and wrapped them tightly around Mike's chest, his head nestling into the crook of Mike's neck, Mike completely broke down. He sobbed and hiccupped and begged Will to never do anything so stupid ever again, to not leave him ever again. Will smiled and promised Mike he wouldn't.

"And you can't, you can't just tell me that you love me and then leave. Th-That's not allowed!"

Will hummed in agreement.

“Be-Because if you died. I never would have been able to say it back.”

Will pulled away, his cheeks were burning and he knew his entire face must have been red, but he didn't care. Mike was looking at him with watery eyes, but they were no longer burning, they were sparkling.

“Sorry” Will began, “It won't happen again.”

Mike smiled.

“It better not.”

Mike cupped Will's face; he leaned down and pressed their foreheads together. Will was smiling so hard his cheeks were beginning to hurt. He moved his head back slightly and gave Mike a shy smile. Why was he feeling so nervous all of a sudden? He had just saved the world and only now did he feel his palms begin to sweat and his brain start to freeze. Using up the rest of his bravery Will pulled on Mike's shirt collar and gently pressed his lips to Mike's. It was only a short peck, but it felt electrifying; like it was the Fourth of July and the fireworks finale had began. When Will pulled away he saw the most beautiful thing in the entire world. Mike was smiling, the same smile that he had painted only a couple of months ago.

### **Author's Note:**

So that's it. I hope it wasn't super bad or anything. I'm working on an actual Byeler story that has chapters and everything so if this does okay and people like it I'll probably start posting it. Anyway, thanks for reading this and I hope if you read till the end that you liked it!